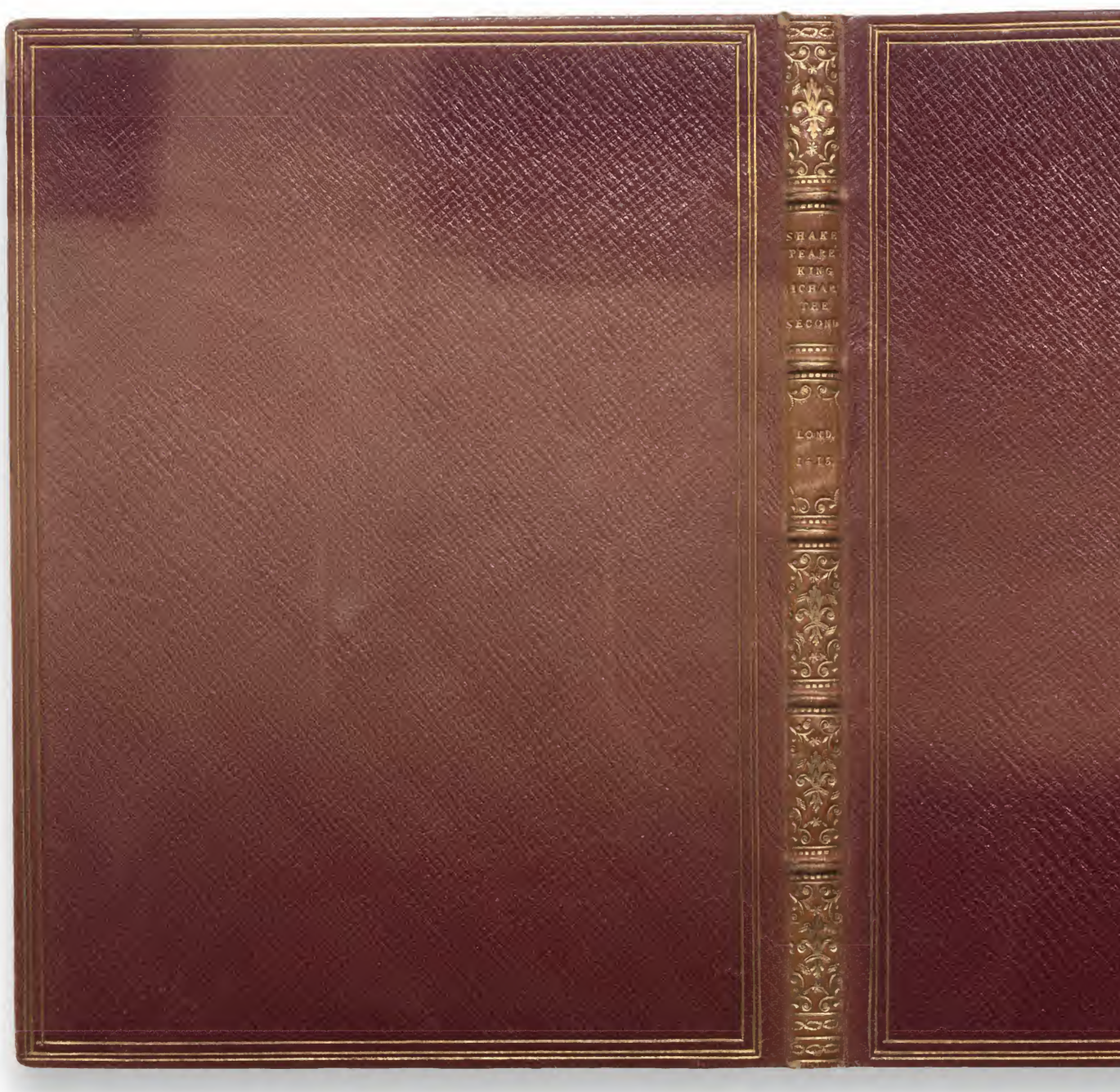
SHAKE
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LOND.
1615.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the Deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Majesties servants, at the Globe. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 4to. *very elegantly bound in red morocco, super extra, gilt edges, very fine copy*, £31. 10*s* 1615

This was the edition printed by Steevens in his "Twenty Plays." Mr. Daniel's copy of the first edition, 1597, sold for 325 guineas, and the *second* edition, 1598, for £108. 3*s*

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This was Mr. Windus's copy, bought by Lilly at his sale in 1868 for £19.15.0, & afterwards marked by him £31.10.0. One leaf of text is in FS.

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By WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

At LONDON,
Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe.
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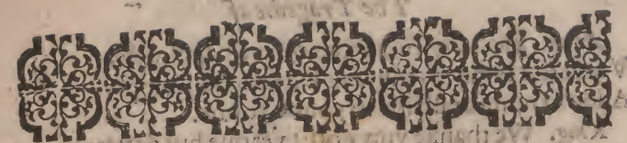

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLde *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, time honoured *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſtrous late appeal
Which then our leiſure wold not let vs here,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Tho: Mow.*

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good ſubiect ſhould,
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aimde at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our ſelues will heare
The accuſer, and the accuſed freely ſpeake:
Hie ſtomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea, haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbroke, and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happie daies befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege,

Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely, to appeale each others of high treaſon.
Cooſin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. First (heauen be the record to my ſpeech)
In the deuotion of a Subiects loue,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this Princely preſence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitour, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the clouds that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traitors name ſtuffe I thy throate.
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
Mow. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and nought at all to ſay.
First the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbs me,
From giuing reynes and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd
These tearmes of treaſon doubled downe his throat;
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty:
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,

I doe defie him, and ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlanderous Coward and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſh man durſt ſet his foote.
Meant time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a king,
And lay aſide my high bloods royaltie;
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine honors pawne, then ſtoope:
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoke, or what thou canſt deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that Sword I Sweare,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwere thee in any faire degree:
Or chiualrous deſigne of Knightly triall.
And when I mount aliue, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitour, or vniuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Cooſin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It muſt be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiud eight thouſand Nobles,
In name of lendings, for your Highneſſe Souldiours:
The which he hath detaind for leawd imployments,
Like a falſe Traitour and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile prooue,
Or heere, or elſe where, to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſurueyed by Engliſh eye,
That all the treaſons for theſe Eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe Mowbray, their firſt head and ſpring.

Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tongueless Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiers;
The other part reseru'd I, by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable Father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life;
A trespasse that doth vexe my grieued soule:
Ah, but ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appeald,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate Traitour;
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening Traitors foote,
To prooue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chambred in your bosome:
In hast whereof, most hartily I pray
Your highnesse to assigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we prescribe, though no Phisition:
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision:
Forget, forgiue; conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no month to bleed:
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begunne;
Weele calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, shall become my age:
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolks gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolke, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote.
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame:
The one my dutie owes; but my faire name,
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke Dishonors vse, thou shalt not haue:
I am disgraste, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierst to the soule with slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood

Which breathd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.
The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded loame, and painted Clay:
A iewell in a tenne times barrd vp Chest,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coosin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.

Bull. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your life shall answere it)
At *Couentrie* vpon Saint *Lambards* day:
There shall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home all armes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstocks blood,
Doth more solicite me, then your exclaimes,

To stirre against the Butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those handes,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put wee our quarrell to the will of heauen;
Who when they see the hower's ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

Dutchesse. Finds Brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seauen Sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one,
Were seauen Viols of his sacred blood,
Or seauen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seauen are dryed by Natures course;
Some of those Branches by the Destenies cut:
But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Glocester*,
One Violl full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
One flourishing Branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his Summer-leaues all faded
By *Envies* hand, and Murders bloodie axe.
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe mould that fashioned thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life:
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Dispaire,
In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughtred;
Thou shewest the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breastes.
What shall I say? to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.

Gaunt. Gods is the quarrell, for Gods substitute,
His deputie annoynted in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

An angrie arme against his minister.
Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?
Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence,
Dutc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*,
Thou goest to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O set my Husbands wrongs on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter Butcher Mowbrayes breast.
Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming Coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosin Herford.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes Brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it fals
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:
Commend me to my Brother Edmund Yorke;
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
I shall remember more: Bidd him, ah what?
With all good speed at Plashie visite me.
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurnisht walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is Harry Herford armde?
Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in:

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightfully and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.
King. Marshall, demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his arriuall heere in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus Knightly clad in armes?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy Knight-hood, and thy oath,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolke*,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him in defending of my selfe,
A Traytor to my God, my King, and mee:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour.
King. Marshall, aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habiliments of Warre,
And formerly, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, & wherfore comst thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen.

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby
Am I, who readie heare do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of Heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Marſhall and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.

Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.

Mar. The appellant in all dutie greets your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.

King. We will deſcend and folde him in our armes.
Cooſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. O let no Noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorgde with *Mowbraies* ſpeare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cooſin) Lord *Aumerle*,
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie aboue my head,

Adde proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
And furbiſh new the name of *Iohn* a *Gaunt*,
Euen in the luſtie hauiour of his Sonne.

Gaunt. God, in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous,
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerſe pernitious enemie,
Rouſe vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.

Mow. How euer God or fortune caſt my lotte,
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Caſt off his chaines of Bondage, and embrace
His Golden vncontroled Enfranchiſement,
More then my dauncing ſoule doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine aduerſarie.
Moſt mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my youth the wiſh of happy yeares.
As gentle and as iocond as to ieſt,
Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet breſt.

King. Farewell (my Lord) ſecurely I eſpie,
Vertue with valor couched in thine eie.
Order the triall Marſhall, and beginne.

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie,
Receiue thy Launce, and God defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a Tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mar. Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of *Norfolke*.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie,
Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.

Her. Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray D. of *Norfolke*,

On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin.

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their Helmers, & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt.
What with our Counſell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deare blood which it hath beene foſtered:
And for our eies do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride,
Of skie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp with boyſtrous vntuned drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore we baniſh you our territories.
You Cooſin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.

Bul. Your will be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me,
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guild my baniſhment.

King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,

Which I with ſome vnwillingneſſe pronounce,
The ſlie ſlow howres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your highneſſe mouth,
A dearer merit, not ſo deepe a mayme,
As to be caſt foorth in the common ayre,
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnd theſe fortie yeares,
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt forgoe,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie.
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my layler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurſe,
To farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.
What is thy ſentence but ſpeachleſſe death;
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath?

King. It bootes thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, playning comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.

King. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall Sword your baniſht hands.
Sweare by the dutie that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile

This

This louing tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare as to mine enemie:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſht this fraile Sepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land.
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie Soule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were Traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen baniſht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rew't.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.
King. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eies,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeares
Pluckt foure away, ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in one word; ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile;
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby:
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dryed Lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age and endleſſe night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my ſonne.

King. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeares to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue:
Shorten my daies thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canſt helpe Time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy Sonne is baniſht with good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſt, prooue in digeſtion ſowre.
You vrge me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Oh had't been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall ſlaunder ſought I to auoyde,
And in the ſentence my owne life deſtroyde.
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
King. Cooſen farewell, and Vncle bid him ſo;
Sixe yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.
Au. Cooſin farewell; what preſence muſt not know
From where you doe remaine, let Paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words
That thou returneſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bul. Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſixe Winters? they are quickly gone.
Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one howre ten.
Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takſt for pleaſure.

Bul. My heart will ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps
Eſteeme a ſoyle wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euery tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourney-man to griefe?
Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen viſites,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy neceſſitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie:
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee foorth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comeſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds Muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightfull meaſure, or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mockes at it and ſets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Giue but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſoare.
Gaunt. Come come my ſonne, Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, ſweet ſoile adiew,
My Mother and my Nurſe that beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſht yet a true borne Engliſhman. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with Buſhie, &c. at one dore, and the Lord Aumerle at the other.

King. Wee did obſerue, Coſin *Humerle*,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
King. And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeaſt winde,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our face,
Awakt the ſleepie rewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
King. What ſaid your Coſin when you parted with him
Aum. Farewell, & for my heart diſdained that my tongue
ſhould ſo prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppreſsion of ſuch griefe,
That words ſeemd buried in my ſorrowes graue:
Marry would the word farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of farewels:
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
King. He is our Coſins Coſin, but tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Our ſelfe and Buſhie,
Obſerued his courtſhip to the common people,
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curteſie,
With reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues,

Wooing poore Craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the Rebels which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my Liege)
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

King. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
Wee are inforſt to farme our Royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs:
For our affaires in hand, if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old *Iohn* of *Gaunt* is grieuous ſicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſite him.

King. Where lies he?

Buſh. At *Elye* houſe.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lyning of his Coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our Souldiers for theſe *Iriſh* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe viſite him,
Pray God we may make haſt, and come too late:
Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt: Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt,
In holſome counſell to his vnſtayed youth?

Yorke. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they ſay, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where wordes are ſcarce, they are ſieldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Then they whom youth and eaſe hath taught to gloſe.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſicke at the gloſe,
As the laſt taſt of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt.
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds,
As prayſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud *Italie*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counſell to be heard,
Where Will doth mutinie with Wittes regard.
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath thou wilt looſe.

Gaunt. Mee thinks I am a Prophet new inſpird,
And thus expiring, doe foretell of him;
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes.

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe:
This Royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This oter Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the Siluer Sea,
Which serueues it in the office of a Wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For Christian seruice and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worlds Ransome, blessed *Maries* sonne:
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare land;
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement and Pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death;

Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
King. What comfort man? how ist with aged *Gaunt?*

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition,
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht;
Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vppon,
Is my strickt fast, I meane my Childrens looke,
And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.
King. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
King. Should dying men flatter those that liue?
Gaunt. No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.
King. Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
King. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too careless patient as thou art,
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee:
A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head;
And yet inraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his Sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From foorth thy reach he would haue layd thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.
Why Cosin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this Land by Lease:

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunatick leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dareſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With furie from his natiue reſidence.
Now by my Seates right Royall maieſtie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Haſt thou tapt and drunkenly carowſt:
My Brother *Gloceſter*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongſt happy ſoules,
May be a preſident and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee:
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you ſay true; as *Herfords* loue, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine, and be as it is.

North.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your (Maieſtie.

King. What ſayes hee?

North. Nothing, all is ſayd;
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that muſt be bankrout ſo,
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King. The ripeſt Fruite firſt falles and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our *Iriſh* Warres:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeaze to vs,
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

Yorke. How long ſhall I be patient? Ah how long
Shall tender duetie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloceſters death, nor Herfords baniſhment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace,
Haue euer made me ſower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of the noble *Edwards* Sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firſt.
In Warre, was neuer Lion rage more fierce:
In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo lookt he,
Accomplſht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his Friendes: his noble hand
Did winne what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

Oh *Richard!* *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King. Why Vncle, whats the matter?
Yorke. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not, I pleaſd, not to be pardoned, am content withall.
Seeke you to ſeize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſht *Herford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His Charters and his cuſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to day:
Be not thy ſelfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire ſequence, and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize *Herfords* right,
Call in the Letters Patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
King. Thinke what you will, we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his Land.
Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my Liege farewell,
What will enſue heereof, ther's none can tell:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their events can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
King. Go Buſhie, to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Elye* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow;
And wee create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt, and alwaies loued vs well:

Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſe. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both, if Iuſtice had her right.
Roſſe. My heart is great, but it muſt breake with ſilence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
North. Nay ſpeak thy mind, & let him nere ſpeak more,
That ſpeakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.
Willough. Tend's that thou would'ſt ſpeake, to the D. of (Herford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſe. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnleſſe you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
North. Now afore God t'is ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a Royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate againſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute
Againſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſſe. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite loſt their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willough. And dayly new exactions are deuiſd,
As Blancks, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.
North. But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Willo. Warres hath not Waſted it; for Warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yeilded vpon compromiſe,
That which his Noble Auncestors atchieud with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in Warres.
Roſſe. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the Realme in farme.
Wil. The King's growne banckrout like a broken man.

North. Reproach and desolution hangeth ouer him.
Rosse. He hath not Money for these *Irish* Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse. We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A Bay in *Britaine*) receiude intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His Brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norberie, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines
All these well furnished by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*:
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe of the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the King,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete *Richard*: yet againe me thinks
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward Soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more is not seene,
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward Soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke,

Buſh. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)
Queene. Tis nothing leſſe, Conceite is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather Griefe, mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that I doe poſſeſſe:
But what it is, thar is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot.
Greene. God ſaue your Maieſtie, & well met gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Queene. Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at *Rauenſpurgh.*
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worſe:
The Lord Northumberland, his young Son H. Percie,
The Lords of Roſſe, Beaumond, and Willoughbie,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.
Buſh. Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolting faction, traytours?
Greene. We haue, whereupon the Earle of Worceſter,
Hath broke his Staffe, reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullingbroke*
Queene. So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my ſorrowes diſmall heire:
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.
Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.
Queene. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With couetous hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of death,

Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremitie.
Greene. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Queene. With ſignes of Warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vnckle, for Gods ſake ſpeake comfortable words.
Yorke. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care, and griefe.
Your Husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe.
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he trie his friends that flattered him.
Seruing. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came,
Yorke. He was, why ſo; go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on *Herfords* ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloceſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand Pound.
Hold take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordſhip,
To day I came by and called there;
But I ſhall grieue you to report the reſt.
Yorke. What i'ſt knaue.
Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe died.
Yorke. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woefull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut of my head with my brothers.
What, are there two Poſts diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we doe for money for theſe Warres?
Come Siſter, Cooſin I would ſay; pray pardon me:
Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there,
Gentlemen, will you goe muſter men?

If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe mee: both are my kinsmen;
T'one is my Soueraigne, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cosin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for *Ireland*,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our nearenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd,

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as *Yorke* thriues to beat backe *Bullingbrooke*

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

Bush. Well, wee may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Glocestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me what a wearie way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bul. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes heere?

Enter Harry Percie.

North. It is my sonne, young *Harrie Percie*,
Sent from my brother Worcester whensoeuer;
Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (of you

Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

North. Why? is he not with the Queene?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and dispersst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolu'd,
When last we spake together.

H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitour;
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of *Herford*,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy?
H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H. P. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhall ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſart.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what ſturre
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of Warre?
H. P. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimation.
Nor. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fierie red with haſt.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traitour: all my treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
Wil. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?
Nor. It is my Lord of Barkeley, as I gueſſe.
Barck. My Lord of *Herford*, my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,

And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not my Lord, t'is not my meaning
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on,
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our natiue peace with ſelfe-borne Armes?
Bul. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in perſon: My noble Vnckle!
Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duety is deceiueable and falſe.
Bul. My gracious Vnckle!
Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor Vnckle me no
I am no traitours Vnckle; and that word Grace (Vnckle,
In an vngracions mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue thoſe baniſht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a duſt of *Englands* ground?
But more then why? Why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull boſome,
Fryting her pale-facde Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Comſt thou becauſe th'annoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall boſome lies his power:
Were I but now Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy ſelfe,
Reſcued the Blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,
From foorth the rancks of many thouſands French,
O then how quickly ſhould this arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the Paulſey, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!
Bul. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?
Yorke. Euen in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſht man, and heere art come,

Before the Expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To Vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Attturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abusde.
Ross. It stands your Grace vpon, to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But for his owne; and for the Right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy of the King:
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter; so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Bul. An offer Vnckle that we will accept,
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their complicies,
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth,
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.
Yorke. It may be I will go with you; but yet ile pause,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Enter Earle of of Salisburie, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of *Salisburie*, we haue staide ten daies,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.
Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Welch. Tis thought the King is dead; we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are withered,
And Meteors fright the fixed starres of heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't Prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy.

The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrimen are gone and fled,
As well assured *Richard* their King is dead.

Sal. Ah *Richard*! with eies of heauie mind,
I see thy glorie like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter the Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bul. Bring foorth these men.
Bushie and *Greene*, I will not vexe your soules
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charitie; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the profession of a Royall bed,
And staind the beautie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my Signiories,
Disparkt my Parkes, and feld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,
Raz'd out my impresse, leauing me no signe,

Saue

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to *England*: Lords farewell.

Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatcht:
Vncle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairelie let her be entreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bull. Thanks (gentle Vncle:) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carlile, &c.

King. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Au. Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

King. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my kingdome once againe
Deare earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her Child,
Plaies fondlie with her teares, and smiles in meeting:
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And doe thee fauour with my royall hands,
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy venome,
And heauie gated Toads lie in their way,
Dooing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeelds

Yeeld ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from my boſome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies:
Mocke not my ſenſleſſe coniuration Lords:
This earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prooue armed Souldiers ere her natiue King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you King in ſpite of all;
The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we would not; heauens offer, we refuſe
The proffered meanes of ſuccours and redreſſe.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remiſſe,
Whilſt *Bullingbrooke*, through our ſecuritie,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in power.

King. Diſcomfortable Coſin, knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroade vnſeene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloodie heere.
But when from vnder his terreſtriall ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eaſterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*;
Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
Whilſt we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the Eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted, trembled at his ſinne,
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea,
Can waſh the balme off from an anoynted King.

The breath of worldly men can cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt
To lift ſhrewd ſteele againſt our golden Crowne,
God for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen ſtill guards the right.

Enter Saliſb.

King. Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your power?

Saliſb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord:
Than this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but Deſpaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble Lord
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate:
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled. (pale?

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo

King. But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flie from my ſide,
For Time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my ſelfe, Am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maieſtie thou ſleepeſt,
Is not the Kings name twenty thouſand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle *Yorke* (here?
Hath power enough to ſerue our turne: but who comes

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worſt is worldly loſſe thou canſt vnfold.
Say, is my kingdome loſt? Why twas my care,
And what loſſe is it to be rid of care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as wee?
Greater he ſhall not be: if he ſerue God,
Weele ſerue him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Reuolt our Subiects? that we cannot mend,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
Crie woe, deſtruction, ruine, and decay,
The worſt is death, and death will haue his day.
Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo armd
To beare the tidings of calamitie,
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which make the ſiluer Riuers drown their ſhowers.
As if the world were all diſſolud to teares,
So high aboue his limits ſwels the rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright ſteele, aud hearts harder then ſteele?
White beards haue armd their thinne and haireleſſe ſcalps
Againſt thy Maieſtie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In ſtiffe vnwildie armes, againſt thy Crowne,
Thy very beadſ-men learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe againſt thy ſtate.
Yea diſtaffe women manage ruſtie billes:
Againſt thy ſeate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.
King. To well, to well thou telſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps.
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.
King. Oh Villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

Dogs eaſily wonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart blood warmd, that ſting my heart;
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their ſpotted ſoules for this.
Scro. Sweete Ioue's (I ſee) changing: his property
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt deadlie hate.
Againe vncurſe their ſoules, their peace is made
With head, and not with hands, thoſe whom you curſe
Haue felt the worſt of deaths deſtroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Buſhie, Greene, & the Earle of Wiltſhire dead?
Scro. Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.
Au. Where is the Duke my father with his power?
King. No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake.
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainie eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſome of the earth.
Lets chooſe Executors and talke of wils:
And yet not ſo, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
And that ſmall modell of the barren earth,
Which ſerues as paſt and couer to our bones.
For Gods ſake let vs ſit vpon the ground?
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings,
How ſome haue beene depoſde, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the ghoſts they haue depoſed,
Some poyſoned by their wiues, ſome ſleeping kild,
All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes death his Court, and there the antique ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little ſceane,
To Monarchiſe, be feard, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this fleſh which walles about our life,

 Were

Were Braſſe impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his Caſtle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heads, and mocke not fleſh and blood;
With ſolemne reuerence throw away reſpect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taſt griefe, need friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to mee, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, Wiſe-men ne're ſit and waile their woes
But preſently preuent the waies to waile,
To feare the foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe ſtrength vnto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelfe:
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death ſeruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidſt me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vncle with his power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to ſay,
I play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:
Your Vncle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou haſt ſayd enough:
Beſhrew thee Cooſin which didſt lead me foorth

Of that ſweet way I was in to diſpaire.
What ſay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there ile pine away,
A King woes ſlaue, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue, diſcharge, and let them go
To eare the Land that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I haue none; let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence away,
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
The Welchmen are diſpearſt, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends, vpon this coaſt.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke. It would beſeeme the Lord *Northumberland*,
To ſay, King *Richard*, alacke the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King, ſhould hide his head.

North. Your Grace miſtakes; onely to be briefe,
Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, ſhould you hane bin ſo briefe with (him
He would haue bin ſo briefe to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heads length.

Bul. Miſtake not (Vncle) further then you ſhould.

Yorke. Take not (good Cooſin) further then you ſhould
Leaſt you miſtake the heauens are ouer your heads.

Bul. I know it Vncle, and oppoſe not my ſefe
Againſt their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percy.*
Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Caſte yeeld?

Hen. Per. The Caſtle is Royally mand my Lord.
Againſt thy entrance.

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies
With the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, beſides a Cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Biſhop of *Carleile*.
Bul. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Caſtle,
Through braſen Trumpet ſend the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H. Bul. on both his knees, doth kiſſe king *Richards* hand,
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his Royall perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of ſlaughtered Englinſhmen?
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch chrimſon tempeſt ſhould be drencht,
The freſh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderlie ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the graſſie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyſe of threatning drumme,
That from this Caſtles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well peruſd.
Methinks King Richard and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The Trumpet ſound, Richard appeareth on the walles.
Bull. See, ſee, King Richard doth himſelfe appeare,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne
From out the fierie portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious clouds are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to ſtaine the tracke
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling Maieſtie; alacke for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew.
King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we ſtood,
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe the lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull dutie to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew vs the hand of God
That hath diſmiſt vs from our Stewardſhip:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he do prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe:
And though you thinke that allas you haue done,
Haue torne their ſoules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my Maiſter God omnipotent,
Is muſtering in his clouds on our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vaſſaile hands againſt my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me thinks he ſtands)
That euerie ſtride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treaſon: he is come to open
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre:
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of mothers ſonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of Mayd-pale peace,

To ſcarlet indignation, and bedeaw
Her paſtors graſſe with faithfull Engliſh blood.
North. The King of Heauen forbid, our Lord the king
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thriſe noble Cooſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royall Grandſires bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie.
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince iuſt:
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
King. Northumberland, ſay thus: the King returnes
His noble Cooſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds
Shall be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends:
We doe debaſe our ſelues (Cooſin) do wee not?
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the Traitour, and ſo die?
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull ſwords.
King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On you proud man, ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,

As is my griefe, or leſſer then my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and mee.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
King. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depoſde?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe
The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:
Ile giue my jewels for a ſet of Beades:
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:
My gay Apparell, for an Almeſ-mans Gowne:
My figurde Goblets, for a diſh of Wood:
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints:
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obſcure Graue,
Or, ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiects feete
May hourely trample on their Soueraignes head;
For on my heart they tread now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepeſt (my tender-hearted Cooſin)
Weele make foule weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſheading teares,
And thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues
Within the earth: and therein layde; there lies
Two kinſmen dig'd their Graues with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill doe well? well well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at mee.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*, will his Maieſtie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue till *Richard* die?

You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the mannage of vnruly Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King
For night-owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing
Bvll. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
King. Faire Cosin you debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Cosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs do:
Set on towards London, Cosin is it so?
Bull. Yea my good Lord.
King. Then I must not say no. *Exeunt. Entw.*

Enter the Queene with her attendants.
Que. What sport shall we deuise heere in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?
Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.
Que. Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the bias.
Lady. Madam weele daunce.
Que. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no daūcing girle, some other sport.
Lady. Madam weele tell tales,
Que. Of sorrow or of griefe?
Lady. Of either Madam.
Que. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither sadd,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady. Madam ile sing.
Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weepe.
Lady. I could weepe Madam, would it do you good.
Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borow any teare of thee.
But stay, heere commeth the Gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euery one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe,
Enter Gardiners.
Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricockes,
Which like vnruly children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs.
Goe thou, and like an executioner

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Cut off the heads of two faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be euen in our gouerment.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noyſome Weedes that without profit ſucke
The ſoyles fertilitie from holſome Flowers.
Man. Why ſhould we in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modell our firme eſtate,
When our ſea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her faireſt Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots diſordered, and her holeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers,
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath ſuffred this diſordered Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade ſpreading Leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane the Earle of *Wiltſhire*, Bulhie, Greene.
Man. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeizd the waſtfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not ſo trimde
And dreſt his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with ſappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe.
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of duetie: ſuperfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may line:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the King ſhall be depoſde?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depoſde

T'is, doubt he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Yorkes*,
That tell blacke tidinges.
Queen. Oh! I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking
Thou old *Adams* likenes ſet to dreſſe this Garden,
How dares thy harſh rude tongue ſound this vnpleaſing
What *Eue*? What *Serpent* hath ſuggeſted thee, (newes
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay King *Richard* is depoſde?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downe fall? Say, where, when, and how
Camſt thou by this ill tidinges? ſpeake thou wretch?
Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes, yet what I ſay is true:
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are weyde.
In your Lo. ſcale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes, he wheighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſt you to London, and you will finde it ſo;
I ſpeake no more then euery one doth know.
Queen. Nimble Miſchaunce, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou thinkeſt,
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my ſadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gardner, for telling me theſe newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graſt'ſt may neuer grow. *Exit*
Gard. Poore Queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe
I would my ſkill were ſubiect to thy curſe,
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ile ſet a bancke of Rewſowre Hearbe-of-grace:

Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call, foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The Bloodie office of his timelesse end?

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle.*

Bull. Cosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle,* I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vnsay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Cosins death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What answere shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine Honour soyld
With the attainder of his slaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall seale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou liest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.

Bull Bagot, forbeare, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mooud me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathie,
There is my gage *Aumerle,* in gage to thine;

By

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death:
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forsworne *Aumerle,*)
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From sinne to sinne: there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answere twenty thousand such as you.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time *Aumerle* and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true, you were in presene then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.

Sur. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie, thou liest.

Sur. Dishonorable boy, that lye shall lye so heauie on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy Fathers scull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

Fitz.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe.
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of Faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heare the baniſhed *Norffolke* ſay:
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And Though mine enemie, reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Signories: when he is return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall neuer be ſeene:
Many a time hath baniſht Norfolke fought
For Ieſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian held,
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian croſſe
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to a pleaſant countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norffolke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peece conduct his ſweet ſoule to the boſome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke,

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee,

From

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.
Bul. In Gods name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.
Carl. Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this Royall preſence I may ſpeake:
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth:
Would God any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge
Of noble *Richard*: Then true nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong.
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King?
And who ſits heere that is not *Richards* ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, deputie, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeares,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate ſoules refinde,
Should ſhew ſo hainous blacke obſcene a deede.
I ſpeake to ſubiects, and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitor to proud *Herefords* King,
And if you Crowne him, let me propheſie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare and mutinie,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald
The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls.

Oh

Oh if you raiſe this houſe againſt his houſe,
It will the woefulleſt diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt child, childs children crie againſt you woe.

North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
May it pleaſe you Lords, to graunt the common ſuite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender, ſo we ſhall proceed without ſuſpition.

Yorke. I will be his conduct.

Bul. Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your daies of anſwere;
Little are we beholding to your loue.
And little looke for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard

Rich. Alacke why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardlie yet haue learnt
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue ſorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this ſubmiſſion:
Yet I well remember the fauours of theſe men,
Were they not mine? did they not ſometimes crie all haile
To me? ſo *Iudas* did to *Chriſt*; but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thouſand none:
God ſaue the King, will no man ſay Amen:
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke; well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what ſeruice am I ſent for hither:

Yorke. To do that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired Maieſtie did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Seaze the Crowne.

Heere Coſin, on this ſide my hand, & on that ſide yours:
Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
The other downe vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilſt you mount vp on high.

Bul. I thought you had been willing to reſigne?

Ric. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes, ſtill am I King of thoſe.

Bul. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crown.

Rich. Your cares ſet vp, do not plucke my cares down:
My care is loſſe of care, by old care done,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Bul. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no no I; for, I muſt nothing bee,
Therefore no no, for I reſigne to thee,
Now marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe:
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart:
With mine owne teares I waſh away my balme,
With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne tongue denie my ſacred ſtate,
With mine owne breath releaſe all duties rites,
All pompe and Maieſtie I doe forſweare,
My Mannors, Rents, Reuenewes I forgoe,
My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that ſweare to thee:
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieud,
And thou with all pleaſd, that haſt all atchieud:
Long mayſt thou liue in *Richards* ſeat to ſit,
And ſoone lie *Richard* in an earthly pit:

God ſaue King *Harry* vnkingd *Richard* ſaies,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sun-ſhines daies.
What more remaines?
North. No more, but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grieuous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profite of this Land;
That by confeſſing them, the ſoules of men
May deeme that you are worthily depoſde.
Rich. Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My Weaued vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland*?
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not ſhame thee in ſo faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldſt,
There ſhouldſt thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that ſtand and looke vpon,
Whilſt that my wretchednesſe doth bate my ſelfe;
Though ſome of you (with *Pilate*) waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue heere deliuered me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
North. My Lord diſpatch, read ore theſe Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee;
And yet ſalt water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my ſelfe,
I find my ſelfe a Traitor with the reſt;
For I haue giuen here my ſoules conſent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glorie base, and Soueraignty a ſlaue;
Proud Maieſtie a ſubiect, State a peaſant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught inſulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But tis vſurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my ſelfe,
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the ſunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good,
And if my name be ſtarling, yet in England
Let it command a mirrour hither ſtraite
That it may ſhew me what a face I haue,
Since it is banckrout of his Maieſtie.
Bul. Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſſe.
North. Read ore this paper while the Glaſſe doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.
Bul. Vrge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not then be ſatisfied.
Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfied, Ile read enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeed.
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe,
Giue me the glaſſe: no deeper wrinkles yet?
Hath ſorrow ſtroke ſo many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper wounds?
Oh flattering Glaſſe, like to my flollowers in proſperitie!
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Houſhold roofe did keepe ten thouſand men?
Was this the face that faaſt ſo many follies,
And was at laſt outfaaſt by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glorie ſhineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred ſhiuers:
Marke ſilent King the morall of this ſpor,
How ſoone my ſorrow hath deſtroyd my face.
Bul. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroyd
The ſhadow of your face.
Rich. Say that againe: the ſhadow of my ſorrow;
Ha lets ſee: tis very true, my griefe

Lies all within, and theſe externall manners
Of laments are meerely ſhadowes to the vnſeene,
Griefe that ſwells with ſilence in the tortured ſoule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giueſt
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Bull. Name it faire Cooſin.

Rich. Faire Cooſe, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but ſubiects
Being now a ſubiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being ſo great, I haue no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And ſhall I haue it?

Bul. You ſhall.

Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.

Bul. Whither?

Ric. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

Bul. Goe ſome of you conuay him to the tower.

Rich. O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bul. On Wedneſday next we ſolemnely ſet downe,
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your ſelues.

Exeunt. Manet Weſt. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A woefull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my mind heerein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament
To bury mine intent, but alſo to effect
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Queene, with her attendants.

Queene. This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill erected Tower,
To whoſe flint boſome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a Priſoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs reſt, if this rebellious earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard.

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather, do not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to dewe,
And waſh him freſh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the model where old *Troy* did ſtand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe:
And not King *Richard*: thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouſe gueſt?

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden, learne good ſoule,
To thinke our former ſtate a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am ſworne (brother ſweete)
To grimme Neceſſitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloyſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here, haue thrown downe.

Queene. What is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind,
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depoſd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thruſteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage,
To be o'repowerd; and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildly kiſſe the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with baſe humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of beaſts?

King. A King of beaſts indeed, if aught but beaſt,

I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
The heauy accent of thy moouing tongue,
And in compaſſion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Norhthumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is changd,
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.
King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my throne.
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, will know againe,
Beeing nere ſo little vrgd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deſerued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad men) you violate

A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.
Let me vnkiſſe the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe t'was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,
Where ſhiuering cold and ſickneſſe pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence ſet foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like ſweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or ſhortſt of day.
Quee. And muſt we be deuided? muſt we part?
King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart
Queen. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.
King. That were ſome loue, but little policie.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
King. So two togither weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for me in France, I for thee here,
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:
Goe count thy way with ſighes, I mine with groanes.
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes.
King. Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone, the way being ſhort,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe:
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queen. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
King. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutcheſſe.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory
Of our two Coſins comming into London.
Yorke. Where did I leaue?
Dutc. At that ſad ſtop my Lord,

Where rude misgouernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on *King Richards* head.
Yorke. Then (as I said) the Duke great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemd to know
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome *Bullingbrooke*,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Du. Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?
Yorke. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle *Richard*, no man cried God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience;
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pitied him:
But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke* are we sworne subiect now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Dut. Heere comes my sonne Aumerle. (*Enter Aum.*

Yorke.

Yorke. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.
Dut. Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.
Aum. Madam I know not nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from *Oxford?* do these iusts & triumphs hold?
Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not I purpose so.
Yorke. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writting.
Aum. My Lord tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let mee see the writting.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
Yorke. Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole;
Boy, let me see the writting.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say:

He pluckes it out of his bosome, and reads it.

Treason, foule treason: villaine, traytor, slaue.
Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse:

God for his mercy! what Trechery is heere?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, sadle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my Life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish woman.
Duc. I will not peace, what is the matter *Aumerle*?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Duch Thy life answere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
His man enters with his bootes.
Du. Strike him *Aumerle*, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe me of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A dozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman, were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pitifull:
But now I know thy mind, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that mind,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way vnruly woman. *Exit.*
Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.
Enter the King with his Nobles.
King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
Tis full three months since I did se him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to god my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he dayly doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew
H. Per. My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.
King. And what said the Gallant?
Percie. His answere was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.
King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May hapily bring forth. But who comes heere?
Enter Aumerle amazed.
Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly?
King H. What meanes our cosin that he stares & looks

Aum. God saue your Grace; I do beseech your Maiesty,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.
King. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?
Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.
King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the Key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy desire.
The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.
Yorke. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.
King. Villaine, ile make thee safe.
Au. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare
Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
King. What is the matter vnckle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?
Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my hast forbids me show.
Au. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and nos loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, lest thy pitty proue
A serpent, that will sting thee to thee heart.
King. O heynous, strong, and bold conspiracie!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

From

From whence this streame through muddie passages
Hath hald his current, and defilde himselfe:
Thy ouerflow of good conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.
Yorke. So shall my Vertue, be his Vices baude,
And he shall spend mine honor, with his shame,
As thriftles Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamde life in his dishonor lies:
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.
Dutch. What ho, my Liege for Gods sake let me in.
King. What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger cry?
Dutc. A woman, and thy Aunt (great King) tis I,
Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begd before.
King. Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she is come, to pray for your foule sinne.
Yorke. If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes, prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.
Dut. Oh King, beleeue not this hard-harted man:
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.
Yorke. Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?
Dut. Sweete Yorke be patient; heare me gentle Liege.
King H. Rise vp good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Au. Vnto my mothers praiers I bend my knee.

Yorke.

Yorke. Againſt them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill mayſt thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Dutc. Pleades he in earneſt? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in ieſt,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and ſoule, and all beſide:
His weary ioynts would gladly riſe I know,
Our knees ſtill kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocryſie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers doe out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
King. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dutc. Nay, doe not ſay, ſtand vp;
Say pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp,
And if I were thy nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach the how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes ſo meete.
Yorke. Speake it in French, King ſay, *Pardonne moy.*
Dutc. Doſt thou teach pardon? pardon to deſtroy:
Ah my ſowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That ſets the word it ſelfe againſt the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our Land,
The chopping Freneh we do not vnderſtand:
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may moouethee pardon to rehearſe.
King H. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dutch. I doe not ſue to ſtand;
Pardon is all the ſute I haue in hand.
King. I pardon him as God ſhall pardon me.
Dutc. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake it againe;
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon ſtrong,
King. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art.
King. But for our truſtie brorher in law and the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtrait ſhall dog them at the heeles,
Good Vnckle, helpe to order ſeuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traitours are,
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and cooſin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.
Dutc. Come my old ſonne, I pray God make thee new.
Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton, &c.
Exton. Didſt thou not marke the K. what words he ſpake
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not ſo?
Man. Theſe were his very words.
Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he ſpake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
Man. He did.
Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly lookt on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the King at *Pomfret.* Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Richard alone.
Rich. I haue been ſtudying how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my ſelfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the female to my ſoule;
My ſoule the father, and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;

And these faime thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better sort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word is selfe
Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To thread the small posterne of a small needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikelie wonders: how these vaine weake nayles
May teare a passage thorow the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars;
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame,
That many haue, and others must sit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde the like,
Thus play I in one Prison many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I a King,
Then Treasons make me wish my selfe a Begger,
And so I am: then crushing Penurie
Perswades me I was better when a King;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing, shall be pleasde, till he be easde
With being nothing Musicke do I heare; *Musicks plaies.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how sowre sweete Musicke is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the musicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintinesse of care
To checke Time broke in disordered string:

But

But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke:
I walted Time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
There watches, on vnto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what howre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: so sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes posting on in *Bullingbrooks* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke:
This Musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it hath holp madde men to their wits,
In me it seemes it will make wise men madde.
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,
For t'is a signe of loue: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a Groome of the Stable.

Groome. Haile royall Prince.

Rich. Thanks noble Peere:
The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how comm'st thou hither,
Where no man euer comes but that sad Dogge,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue?

Groome. I was a poore Groome of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my sometimes royall maisters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbroke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That Horse, that I so carefully haue dreSt.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie: tell me gentle friend,

How

How went he vnder him?

Groome. So proudlie, as if he disdaind the ground.

Rich. So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing *Bullingbrooke.*

Keeper. Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Tast of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of *Exton*,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary

Rich. The Deuill take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

Heere Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: *Exton*, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood staind the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valour, as of Royall blood:
Both haue I spild; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Deuill that told me I did well,

Sayes

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:
This dead King to the liuing King ile beare,
Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of Yorke.

King. Kind Vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne Ciceter in Glocestershire:
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happinesse;
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.

King. We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King. Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie.

Per. The grand conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;
But here is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King. *Carleil*, this is your doome,
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life,
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemie thou hast euer been,
High sparkes of Honour in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with the Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare: herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of *Burdeaux*, by me hither brought.

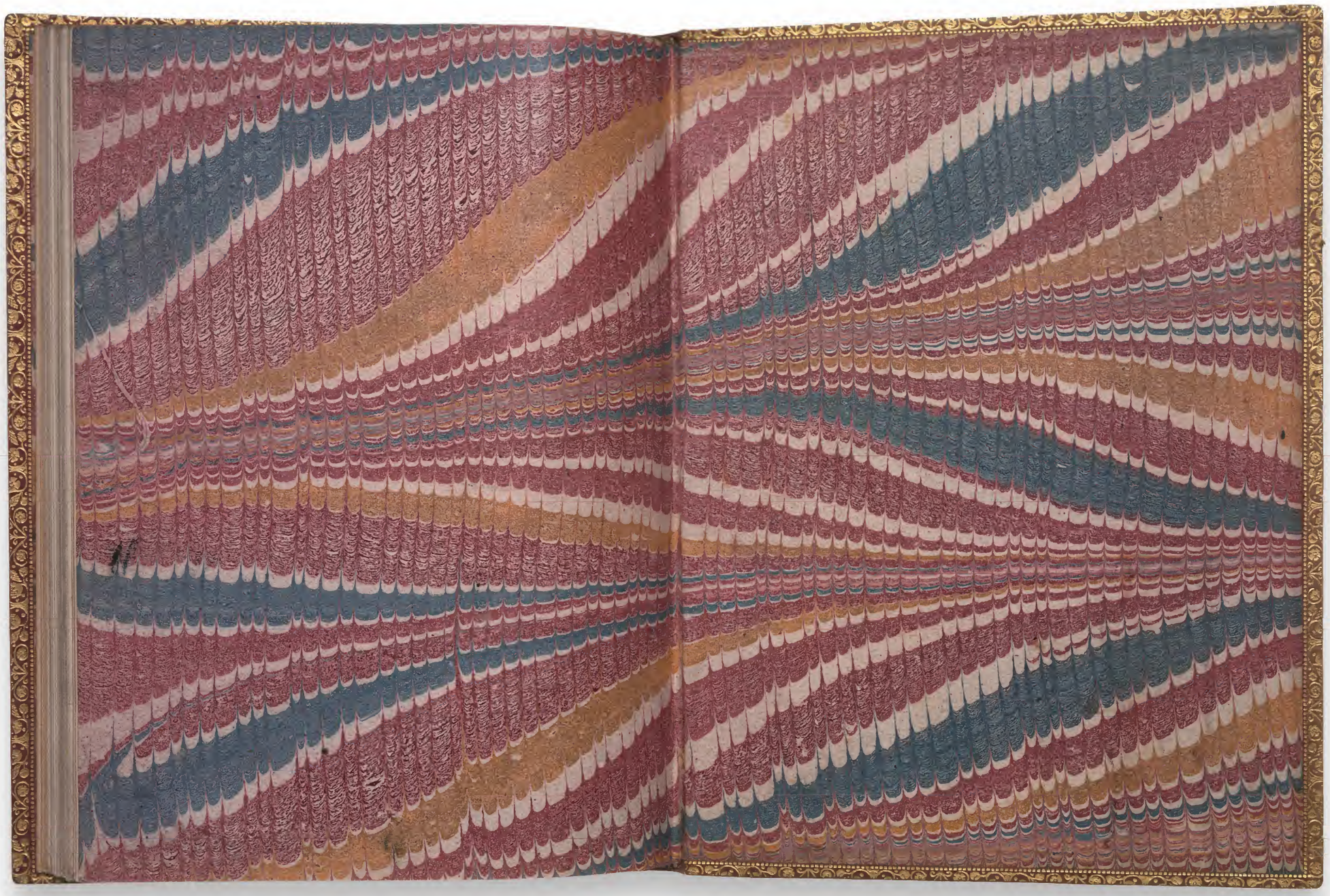
King. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of slaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed

King. They loue not poyson, that do poyson need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wish him dead;
I hate the murtherer; loue him murthered:
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princelie fauour:
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinckle me to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,
And put on sullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guiltie hand.
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.

C. and P. Peculiarities collated.

f. O. H.

Sig. D. 4. v°. l. 27. Thither. will will I.